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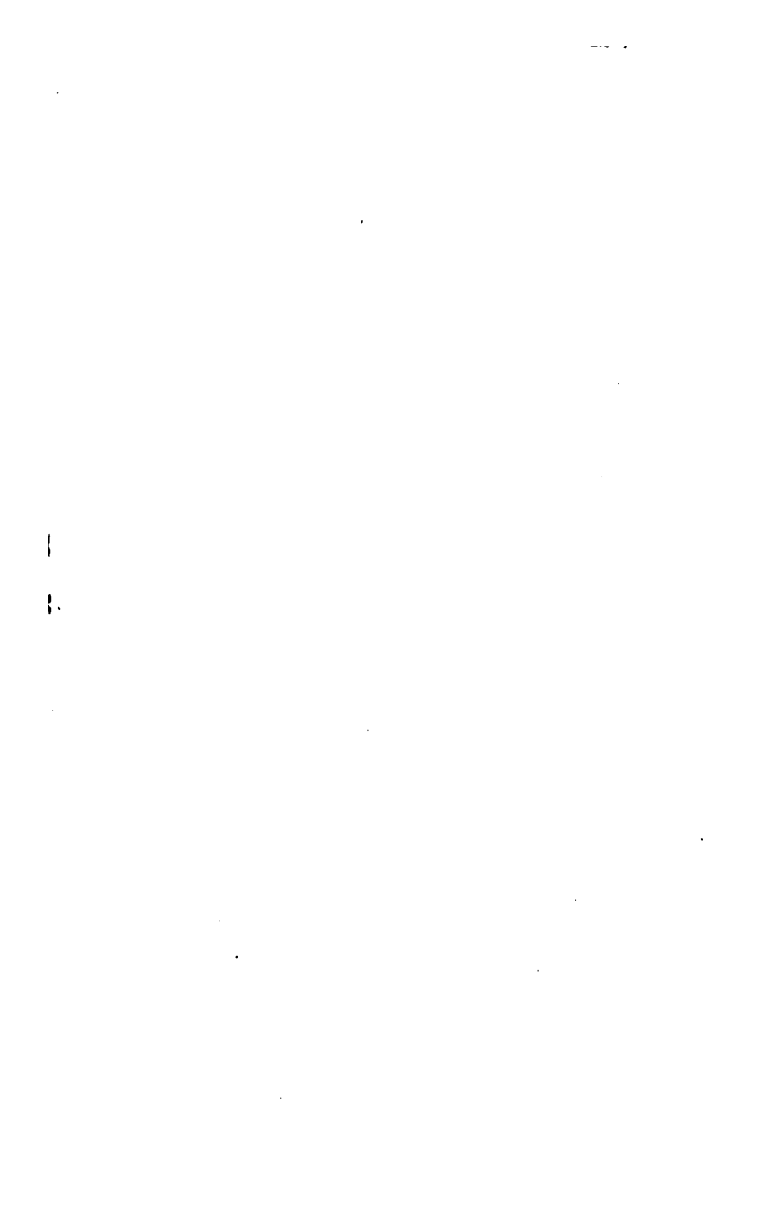
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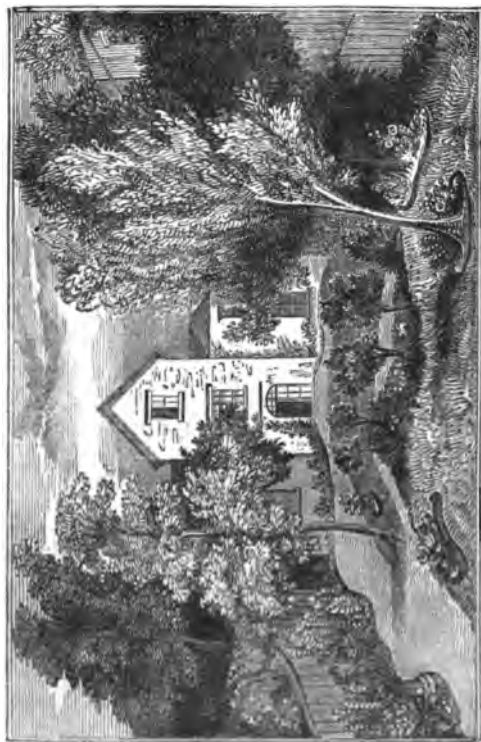
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THE PLEASANT GARDEN AMONG HOUSES. SEE PAGE 71.

CHILDHOOD'S DUTIES;
OR,
PRECEPTS FOR LITTLE EMMA.

BY

M. A. S. BARBER,

AUTHOR OF "MISSIONARY TALES FOR LITTLE LISTENERS."

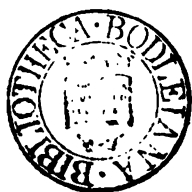


A YOUNG HINDOO.

LONDON:

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MDCCCLII.



DEDICATION.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn; the sun shone brightly on the quaint old yews, which shaded the path leading to the village church of C——. The church doors were open, and a few people were entering, followed by a nursery-maid carrying a baby; there was deep silence in the church, as they stood before the communion table, and the clergyman began to speak; he prayed to God to bless that little baby, to receive her as His child, to give her His Holy Spirit, and to grant that she might learn to love and serve Him faithfully whilst she was in this world, and be happy with Him for ever in heaven. The clergyman then asked some of

the persons present, if they would promise, that that little baby, when she grew up, should not love this world with all its vain pleasures and delights, but should believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and obediently keep the commandments of God as long as she lived. It is a very solemn, it is a very awful promise for a person to make for any little child, and no person should do so, unless they are sure that they shall be able, as well as willing to keep it; not, indeed, unless they have considered the matter in prayer before God, and can feel that it is a duty to which He has called them. The clergyman accepted the promise thus made; he baptized the little baby in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; henceforth she was to belong to Christ.

Many years have passed since the scene here described, took place in the old church of C——; the baby has become a little girl,—it is you, my little Emma: you are old enough now to learn to believe in the Lord, and to keep His commandments as was pro-

mised for you, and if you wish to live happily in His blessed presence hereafter, you must love and obey Him in this world.

Your name is one endeared by the remembrance of warm affection, but that is nothing compared to the recollection of the occasion upon which it was bestowed upon you—your Baptism. May the everlasting blessings then asked on your behalf be your portion, and you by the continued grace and help of God, become indeed a “member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven!”

CHILDHOOD'S DUTIES.

CHAPTER I.

HOW WE SHOULD READ THE BIBLE.

THERE are a great many little English children, both rich and poor, who are daily taught to read the Bible : a great many to whom it is constantly explained, and who understand it is God's Book, that it teaches us how great His love for us is, and how we are to behave in this world in order to please Him ; there is not, I should think, a town, a village, or a street in all England, where some such children might not be found : but, if I were to begin to speak of those children who really listened to what was taught them, who had learned to love their Saviour, and who were trying every day, to practise those things which they read in the Bible, could I say there were so very many ? I am afraid not.

There are different ways of reading the Bible ;

some children, read it as a duty, or as a task : they have been taught that it is right to read a portion every day ; accordingly, when they get up, or when they go to bed, they read a chapter, or half a chapter, as they have been told, and when they close the book, the matter is ended, they do not bestow another thought upon it : thus a little girl will read in her own room the 15th chapter of St. John, and come down stairs, and quarrel with her brothers and sisters before she has been half an hour in the breakfast-room.

Again, there are other children who read the Bible for their amusement : in the quiet stillness of a Sabbath afternoon in the summer time, the little family will often gather round their mother, and ask for a story out of the Bible ; many a little listener has thus heard with intense delight the affecting tale of Joseph and his brethren, the calling of the young Samuel, and the sufferings of patient Job : happy is the child upon whose mind these beautiful histories are thus early impressed ! but children should remember that all these things have been written, "*for our learning,*" how many little girls there are, who are quite familiar with the stories I have mentioned, and could relate them all to me, and yet have, perhaps, never once thought of endeavouring

to return good for evil, like Joseph ; of listening attentively to the word of the Lord, like Samuel ; or of trying to bear their small vexations and disappointments, with the patience which Job displayed in his great afflictions !

There is a text in the 119th Psalm which says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path : " when we are travelling along a road, the use of a "lamp," and "a light," is, to show us where to go, and to keep us from danger ; so the Bible, if we consult it, will direct us into the way of God's commandments, and teach us what things are pleasing in His sight. When you were a little child, I think you learnt Dr. Watt's Catechism : do you remember the answer to that question, "What good do you hope for, by seeking to please God ?" "Then I shall be a child of God, and have God for my Father, and my Friend for ever." Can a child have God for her friend ! certainly, we should never have thought of such a thing, had we not been told so in the Bible, "Ye are my friends," says our blessed Saviour, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." It is in the Bible, that we are taught what God does command us ; but what use is it for us to learn, unless we endeavour to do ? It is said in the first chapter of the epistle

of St. James, that a person who hears the word of God, and does not do it, is like a man looking into a glass, who sees himself for a moment, then goes away and forgets entirely what sort of a person he is—have you not often looked into your Bible in the same manner! read it, shut it, put it aside, and never once considered what it shows you about yourself! A missionary once asked a poor African, who had learned to read, how he liked his book, which was the New Testament; “Oh, Massa,” he said, “I cannot thank the Lord Jesus Christ enough for this good book, for I have seen myself in it.” “But,” say you, “how could he see himself in it?” I will tell you how: the Bible shows us what things are good in the sight of God, and when we know that what we do is quite the reverse, we learn our own sinfulness: for instance, God tells us that he loves humility; “Blessed are the meek—the poor in spirit—to this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.” “God resisteth the proud.” “Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.” Yet we *are* proud, apt to think much of ourselves, and to be offended at the least slight—in the Bible we are taught how wicked these feelings, and such as these, are,

in the sight of God. But does the Bible contain no more than this! yes, my dear children, far more. The Bible shows us how we may be reconciled to God;—perhaps you do not know what I mean. Doubtless you have often read in the Bible an account of the fall of man, of the sin which Adam committed, which drew down upon him the displeasure of God, and do you not remember that it is said, “The voice of the Lord God was heard walking in the garden, in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the garden;”—they knew they had been wicked, and they were afraid, and did not wish to find themselves in the presence of God: as they felt *then*, so we feel *now*: we are by nature born in sin, we are at enmity with God. “Ah!” says some little child, “it is true that I am sometimes very naughty, but I am not at enmity against God. I am quite sure of that!” yes, every one who commits sin, is at enmity against God, “enemies in their minds by wicked works,” and, therefore, they are afraid of Him, as Adam and Eve were, and would like to hide themselves from His presence, *if they were sensible of it*: but to make it more plain to you, I will ask you a few questions. Do you love

the thoughts of God ! Do you, for instance, love His day ! Do you love to think about God on the Sabbath, and to pray to Him ; or do you not often secretly say to yourselves, " What a weariness it is ! how tired I am ! " When you kneel down to pray to Him, is it a pleasure, or a task ! Do you not often and often repeat the words, whilst you are thinking all the time of something else ! You have been told that Christ will come again upon earth, in power and great glory, and that every eye shall see Him ; no one knows when that day and hour shall be ; but if he should come now, would you be glad and rejoice ! If not, how can you love Him, and wish to be with Him ! Then, if you do not love God, or wish to be reconciled with Him, what is to become of you when you die ! You are always in the presence of God now, but you do not see Him, and you forget it—but then you will not be able to forget it. The Bible shows us how we may be at peace with God ; rejoice in His presence, and be happy with Him for ever and ever, in the glorious mansion He has prepared for those who love Him, where there shall be no more sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain : in that " city which had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and

the Lamb is the light thereof." Oh ! then, while you have time, search and see that you may have a share in the peace and happiness of Christ's people here, and in their blessedness for ever.

I think that all little children know that heaven is a place of perfect delight ; but they are not so well aware of the happiness enjoyed even in this world by those who serve God ; nobody can understand it who has not felt it. Over the door of a little shop, in our village, hangs a cage, in which is imprisoned a poor lark : often as I have been walking along the noisy dusty road, and heard his sweet clear voice, I have pitied him, confined in that miserable place, instead of soaring joyfully up into the bright blue sky, singing his merry song, or dropping gently down into his own little nest, snugly placed among the beautiful green corn : now, I dare say, that poor lark *never* lived among the sweet country fields, or rose up on high in the dawn of the morning, rejoicing in the sun-shine, so he could not know what that pleasure was, or what he lost by not possessing it. Thus it is with those little children who do not love Christ, and believe in him : they do not know, they cannot imagine, the happiness they lose, even in this world, and in the world to come ; we know that it is

written, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," and we also know that none can inherit a portion there, unless they have loved and served the Lord faithfully whilst upon earth.

CHAPTER II.

THE HARD LESSON—THE TEXT NOT APPLIED.

SOME kind friend gave little Janie a text book ; it was bound in red morocco, and had gilt leaves : Janie was very much pleased with it, and promised her Mamma she would say a text out of it every morning ; one day her text happened to be the following, “ Behold, we count them happy which endure : ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord ; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.” Janie said it very perfectly, and her Mamma spoke to her about the meaning of it, that we ought to bear patiently with every thing, being assured that God loves us, and has ordered every thing for our good : Janie stood still while her Mamma was speaking to her, but she paid no attention to her words, for she was watching the sparrows hopping about on the garden walk before the window, and the instant her Mamma had finished, she asked permission to throw out the crumbs to them.

After breakfast, Janie began to learn her lessons; she was an affectionate child who loved her Mamma, and could not bear to be in disgrace, therefore as she was not particularly idle, her lessons were generally well learnt, and her duties discharged in proper time. This morning every thing went on as well as usual; the copy was neatly written, the music practised, and more than all, the sum was right: the lessons were all said, except one of which Janie said, she did not know how much to learn; the truth was, it was a lesson Janie did not at all like, and she secretly hoped that her Mamma would give her a very small piece; instead of this, however, her Mamma gave her nearly twice as much as she expected, which made Janie so angry, that she did not even attempt to learn it, but sat pouting over her book. It was a lesson in the English grammar; her Mamma saw how much her little girl was out of temper, and endeavoured to convince her of her fault, and advised her to learn the lesson. Half an hour passed away, and at last her Mamma said, "Janie, if you can say that lesson, we will go for our walk;" it was a fine frosty morning in winter, and Janie thought she should like to go out; so although she had scarcely looked

at the lesson, she brought the book to her Mamma to try and say it : after getting over a line or two she stopped, and then proceeded, "the masculine gender denotes a kind of an animal, as a man, a duck, a hen." Her Mamma felt inclined to smile, but she checked herself, for she knew that though what Janie said seemed very ridiculous to her, yet her little girl, by the temper she had been indulging, had committed a great sin in the sight of God, so she gave her back the book, and left her to learn her lesson. But did Janie learn it ?

No sooner had her Mamma shut the door, than she flung the book on the table, and burst into a fit of tears—tears of passion, not tears of sorrow. Dinner time came : after dinner some ladies called to see her Mamma ; Janie could not go and play, for she had not said her lesson : all that long miserable afternoon she sat with her elbows on the table, and her head on her hands, bewailing her unhappy condition. Tea time came : but it brought no alleviation to Janie's sorrow, for she had not yet attempted to learn her lesson. After tea, her Mamma took out her blotting book, and began to write : there was a fire blazing cheerfully in the grate, the lamp was lighted, and the window curtains drawn, so that the

room looked warm and comfortable : on a stool at her Mamma's feet, sat Janie's sister, a very little child, who could not yet speak plainly, and she used to make such funny sounds in trying to say the words she was taught, that her brothers and sisters called her Coo : Coo was very happy just then with a pencil and piece of paper, which her Mamma had given her to keep her quiet, whilst she was busy : and what was Janie about ! Nothing, absolutely nothing ! She stood leaning against the table with her book open before her, and a few large tears, coursing each other silently down her cheeks. Her Mamma felt very sorry for her little girl, so she left off her writing, and tried once more to convince her of her fault. " Now Janie," she said, " look at that lesson, and tell me how long you think it would have taken you to have learnt it, if you had really tried to do so ! "

Janie did not answer at first, but when her Mamma repeated the question, she said, " she thought about half-an-hour."

" And how many hours have you spent over it ! One, two, three, four ! and have you not been very unhappy during those four hours ! "

Janie confessed she had.

" All those four hours of unhappiness you

drew down upon yourself, by refusing to submit to what was a little disagreeable to you ; you did not like to learn the lesson I gave you, but which was the worst, the trouble it would have given you for half-an-hour, or the four hours you have spent over your book ! ”

Janie, who had in some measure recovered her good humour, was decidedly of opinion the four hours were the worst. “ Especially,” said her Mamma, “ when you consider that the lesson has still to be learnt. And now will you tell me what use the text you learnt in the morning has been to you during the day ! or rather, will you tell me what use it ought to have been to you ! ”

“ I suppose, Mamma, you mean I ought to have been more patient, but I don’t see what that has to do with learning lessons ! ”

“ It has this to do with it ; we always have something to do, or to bear with, which is disagreeable to us, and by being impatient under it, or rebelling against it, we only increase our own unhappiness : you have had a hard lesson to-day, but had you learnt it immediately you would have spared yourself four hours of vexation. You will always have hard lessons of some kind or other. I have them myself very often.” Janie looked incredulous. “ Yes, Janie, it is very true :

by a "hard lesson," I mean anything which is disagreeable, or painful to us ; patience and an earnest endeavour to do our duty under such circumstances, will always save us from much sorrow." Janie looked as though she thought, that if "hard lessons" were not to be escaped, even when she was as old as her Mamma, it was a sad case indeed.

By this time little Coo, who had climbed up on her Mamma's lap, had just completed three or four mysterious lines of writing, by guiding her Mamma's hand along the paper. "Can you read that, Janie?" said her Mamma, pointing to it.

"No, Mamma, of course not," said Janie, "it is nonsense, Coo can't write."

"Just so, my child, would it be if we had the direction of our own circumstances. Little Coo sees no difference between her writing and mine ; provided the strokes go up and down, whether they make letters or not, it is all equally unknown to her ; so it is with us in the affairs of this world, we should not know how to direct ourselves, even if we were permitted to do so : but our concerns are ordered by God, and in all that happens to us, He has an end in view ; that is to say, something which is to be effected by it, some good which it is to do us, although we

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may not understand it ; we ought, therefore, always to submit patiently to every thing, whether it is pleasant to us or not, and never to rebel against His will, either in trifling or in important events : when you are a woman, therefore, expect to meet with the ‘ hard lessons’ I have told you of, and never murmur, or repine against them.” Whether Janie remembered this conversation with her Mamma or not, I cannot tell, but probably she dried her tears, learnt her lesson quickly, and went to play with her little sister for the rest of the evening.

Now do you not think Janie would have been a happier, as well as a better child, had she thought during the day, of the text she learnt in the morning ! and are there not many children who learn their texts, and read their Bible in the same careless manner ! just as a parrot will say, “ How do you do ! ” and, “ What’s o’clock,” without knowing the meaning of the words it utters.

Our Saviour says, “ Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.” Sin is hateful in the sight of God. Christians are said to be renewed in knowledge, after the image of Him

that created them. Adam was created holy and happy in the image of God, and Christians must be renewed in the image of Christ. They must be "born again," be "changed," become quite different from what they are by nature : their hearts must be altered, they must learn to love God, and obey Him, obedience is the only proof of love which they can give. "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

I will tell you something else which is said in the Bible, upon this subject : but first let me ask my little readers, if they have ever been to the sea-side ! to Ramsgate, for instance ! Often when I have been sitting reading, I have seen a troop of little boys and girls, come running down with their spades, and wheelbarrows, and work hard for hours, digging trenches and erecting mounds, and pyramids, &c. ; by and by the great waves came nearer and nearer, and at last they rolled quite over them, and very soon away went mounds and pyramids into the sea, and off ran the laughing little builders towards the rocks, lest they too should be covered with the waves : perhaps, you think that the waves need not be very strong to carry away such buildings as those : that is true ; but still the waves are very strong, I assure you ; if a house were built there,

they would carry it away : perhaps you have only seen the sea in the summer time, when it looks blue and calm, and the waves roll gently on the shore ; but sometimes the winds blow, and the waters rage, and roll on the shore with a noise resembling thunder, and then sad indeed would be the fate of any house that was built there : if however, you have ever been to such a place, you will remember, that there are no houses on the sands, but only sea-weed and shells, and pieces of rock strewn here and there ; the houses are built far up on the rocks, where the beautiful corn-fields are round them, and the lark sings sweetly above ; and when those who live there, hear the sound of the mighty ocean in the tempestuous winter nights, they are not afraid, for they know that though the waves may strike against the rocks, they cannot injure their dwellings. Now, if you look in Matt. vii. 24, to the 27th verse, you will see that our Saviour compares those who know his commandments and *do them*, to a wise man who built his house upon a rock, where it was safe from the tempests and the seas ; and those who know his commandments and *do them not*, to a foolish man who built his house upon the sand, and when the winds

blew and the floods came, it fell, and "great was the fall of it."

My little reader, you have doubtless often heard the Bible read, and explained to you, and you have learnt, I dare say, many many texts out of it ; but have you ever thought of *doing* those things which the Bible teaches you to do ! if you have not, do you not resemble the foolish man, who built his house upon the sand ! In the hope, however, that God will give you grace both to love Him and to desire to obey Him, I will tell you in my next chapter, some of the means which I think a little child might profitably use, as ways of learning and doing the will of God ; but, before you begin to read it, I would remind you again and again, that you can do nothing without the help of God : if therefore you really wish to be a child of His, you must pray that He will make you one, that He will give you His Holy Spirit, and be assured that you cannot ask, and not have : listen to this His unchangeable promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

CHAPTER III.

DANGER OF WAITING TILL TO-MORROW—THE GOOD GRASS — JANIE'S TORN PICTURE — THE TEXT EXPLAINED.

I WILL hope there is some little girl who is saying in her heart, "Well, it is very true, I have never thought about what I read in the Bible, but I'll begin to-morrow." To-morrow! my dear child, there is very little hope of a good resolution for the amendment of our conduct, which is not to be begun until to-morrow. I know a little child, so little that she cannot speak plain, who, when she is told to do anything, has a habit of saying, "not now." "Mary, shut the door,"—"pesently." "Mary, come away from the fire!"—"anoder time;" it is needless to say that this "pesently," and "anoder time," never comes at all; and little Mary does not do what she has been told, unless she is made. To say that we will not do what is right *now*, but wait till some future opportunity, is as good as saying, we will not do it at all. St. Paul once preached before a great man, who trembled when he heard

that he was to be judged by God hereafter ; but, however, he thought another time would do to think of it, so he said to St. Paul, " when I have a *convenient* season, I will call for thee." And years passed away, but the *convenient* season came not ; nor do we know that it ever came at all ; perhaps he intended to send for St. Paul " to-morrow," but " to-morrow " brought other thoughts and occupations, and so perhaps it will to you. " *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

In a country a long way from here, there are some fertile and rich lands, close to the sea ; the shore, however, is composed of fine white sand, of a particular kind, which, carried by the wind, encroaches every year more and more upon the good land, and makes it barren and desolate, so that in time it would have been a complete desert, had not the people who live there, discovered a curious kind of grass, which when it was planted along the fields, kept the sand from spreading over them : just as it was with those lands before the grass was planted, so it is with you : every day that you live, evil habits and inclinations spread further and further over your heart, and if they are unchecked, will continue to do so : will you not try then to find some

remedy, which, like the grassy barrier, shall keep them out! But how will you begin? perhaps you think it is very easy: that you have only to pay great attention to what you read in the Bible, and take care to do it: do you remember what I told you about little Coo in the last chapter?

One day Janie's Mamma heard a great noise in the nursery, so she ran up stairs, and as soon as she opened the door, she saw little Coo standing in a corner crying, and Janie at some distance picking up a few torn pieces of paper, half scolding, half crying all the while: when Janie saw that it was her Mamma, she ran up to her, and said, "Oh, Mamma, Coo is so very very naughty: she has torn my picture of the white horse all to pieces, and she won't say she is sorry for it: she says," added Janie, looking very indignant, "she can't be good."

"Can't now," said little Coo, "not now."

"There, Mamma, you hear her!" said Janie.

Mamma looked thoughtfully at her little girl for a moment, and then said, "Janie, I desire that you *feel* quite kindly and affectionately towards your sister this moment, and not the least angry with her.

Janie blushed, and looked confused, and at last she said, "Mamma, I can't."

"Then why," said her Mamma, "are you so angry with your sister, because she says she can't?" Then Janie's Mamma tried to explain to her, that this was no reason why she should be naughty, but that since we cannot change our own heart, we should pray to God to do so, and to make us good, by the help of His Spirit: now Janie was like many other children, she had learnt text after text in the Bible, though she rarely thought of making use of them, and when her Mamma asked her, she repeated several upon the present subject, such as "Without me ye can do nothing." "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" &c.

After her Mamma had spoken to little Coö, she took Janie down stairs to breakfast with her; and when family prayers were over, and the servants had left the room, Mamma opened her large Bible, and showed Janie a text which she had never read before, it was in Prov. xxi. 1; "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he *turneth it whithersoever he will.*"

As it is with the heart of the king, so it is with every other person's, they are all in the hands of God: He who made the earth, and every thing

in it : who causes the rivers to flow just as He sees fit, can also change our hearts, and make us feel and do what He sees best ; and He has given us in the Bible many kind and gracious promises, that if we ask Him, he will give us his Holy Spirit, and cause us to love Him, and serve Him ; but however much we may wish to keep His commandments, we cannot do so, without His help ; and if you try without looking to Him for assistance, you will find, when the hour of trial comes, that like little Coo, you can't be good. A little girl, whom I love very much, brought me the other day a delicate beautiful rose : now my rose was a great treasure, for it was winter, the cold wind whistled among the leafless trees in our garden, and not only were there no roses, but not even a violet or crocus had yet peeped out of its warm bed under the earth ; so I put my rose in a glass by itself, and placed it upon the drawing-room table. A long time afterwards when I went into the room, what was my regret at seeing that my poor rose had fallen out of the glass, and was lying fading upon the table !—then I thought of the text, “ Can the flag grow without water ? Whilst it is yet in his greenness, and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb. So are the paths of all that forget God.”

Without water the plants and the flowers must perish, and such will be the fate of all who forget God, while those who depend upon Him for help, shall flourish like a well-watered garden. In the 17th chapter of Jeremiah, you will find the same sort of comparison, where those who put their trust in man, are said to be like the heath in the parched places of the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited ; and those who put their trust in God, like a goodly tree that spreadeth out its branches by the river : now, in our happy island there are no "parched places in the wilderness," nor "salt places not inhabited," so perhaps you will understand it better if I tell you to compare a miserable stunted weed, growing in the dust by the wayside, with a beautiful tree planted in a meadow, by a clear running stream, and stretching out its large and graceful boughs on every side.

We cannot keep the commandments of God without His help ; and we should more easily comprehend this, if we considered His great power, and how entirely we depend upon Him for every thing we have. If I were to take you into the garden some magnificent starry night, and you saw the heavens all sparkling with their light, you would remember, perhaps, it was God who made them ; when you hear the storm howling

through the old elms, and the roll of the distant thunder, you think perhaps of God : you know that it was He who created the world, and all the beautiful things that are in it, and that He preserves it from day to day, for it is written in the Bible that Jesus *upholdeth* all things by the word of his power, that is, he preserves them from day to day, else the sun would not rise to give us light, nor the stars keep their places in the sky, nor the trees put forth their leaves and blossoms in the spring : no ; you may look at the little blossom of the lilac folded up so small, and be sure, that without the power of God, it would never spread out into a flower. You know all this, I make no doubt, still I think you do not sufficiently consider that *nothing* can be without God. If I put down a diamond ring and a rose upon the table, and asked you which God made, what would you say ? I think you would say, the rose ; who then made the diamond ring ! the jeweller !—no ; the jeweller indeed polished the diamonds, and twisted the gold into a proper shape, but both the gold and the diamonds came from a distant mine, where God had caused them to be formed in the depths of the earth, no man could ever have made them. Look round the room you are sitting in, and try if you can find any one thing which man by his own power

could have made : the table ! the carpenter only cut the wood, and put it together, it was once a tree in the forest, where it grew in the dew and rain of heaven : the curtains ! the material of which they are made came from a plant in the fields : the grate ! the iron of which it is composed was dug out of the mine : the very bricks of which the house is built, were made of clay, hardened by fire. Man has nothing but what God has given him : nor could he ever have made all these things, unless it had pleased God to give him the ability. It is said in the Bible, that the ploughman who ploughs the ground, and sows the seed, is instructed and taught by God, (Isa. xxviii. 26). How should man have known, that a little seed dropped into the ground, would produce a beautiful plant ! "In him we live, and move, and have our being," and upon him we depend for every thing.

What then is a little child to do who desires to love God, and to keep His commandments ! She is to ask God, for His Holy Spirit, to make her believe and act according to His word, and He has *promised* to hear the prayer ; God has *promised* to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him ; and if we have His Spirit, we shall be His children, loving, and obeying Him, as obedient children love and obey their Father.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE RICHARD EVELYN.

LITTLE children are quite as capable of loving and serving God, and of knowing what is necessary in order to be truly a Christian, as grown up people. The Lord Jesus Christ has little lambs among his flock, little children among his servants. Do you not know that pretty hymn which says,

“ If we devote our youth to God,
’Tis pleasing in His eyes,
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.”

I suppose you know the meaning of a flower being offered in the bud ! if you went out into the garden to gather a rose, to give to any one, you would not choose an overblown one, whose leaves were faded, and beginning to fall off, would you ? No, you would choose a pretty bud just coming out, fragrant and beautiful : so we should offer our lives to God in early youth in our best days ; by offering our lives to God, I mean we

should devote ourselves to His service. I will tell you a story about one of these pretty buds: it is *quite true*, for I know children love a true story, and many are the little lips from which I have heard the question, "Is it *true*, *quite true*?"

About two hundred years ago, there lived in a fine old country house in Kent, an English gentleman, Mr. John Evelyn. His name is recollected still, for he was a person of much ability, and wrote many books, which people delight to read even now. Though he used sometimes to go to court and see the king, and visit all the great people whom he knew, yet he loved his sweet quiet place in the country, where he used to walk among his "Forest Trees," and many people think of those "Trees" now, for he left an account of them, in one of the books which he wrote.

This gentleman had a son, a dear little boy, who, I am sure you will think, deserves to be called one of the "pretty buds" I have spoken of, when you hear what I have to tell you concerning him. His name was Richard: God had given him such wonderful abilities, that when he was only two years and a-half old, he could read any English, Latin, or French letters, and pro-

nounce the languages properly. When he was five years old, he could translate Latin into English, and what is far more difficult, English into Latin : once, when he saw a person reading a book, which he was told was too difficult for him, he was so sorry that he cried. Besides what I have mentioned, he knew many other things, so that his Papa, and all his friends were delighted with his ability. It is not, however, for this that I wish to speak of him, but for something far better ; yet, something which a little child who is no cleverer or wiser than other little children, may have as well as he. I mean his piety. When people came to see him, he used to ask them to go and pray alone with him in some corner.

When he was told of his faults, instead of being cross and angry as some children are, he was thankful. If children knew their own interest, they would know they have always reason to be thankful to those who tell them of their faults, for it is a privilege we seldom enjoy after the years of childhood. "A privilege, indeed!" says some little reader : yes, my dear child, a "*privilege*:" though you may not know it now, if ever you live to grow up, and to be sincerely a Christian, you will believe what I say ; if ever you live to sit with your Bible open before

you, and your eyes fixed upon its sacred page considering whether you are really a child of God or not—thinking anxiously in what particular actions or habits you transgress his commandments, wondering whether your own thoughts of yourself are correct or not, and whether the naturally good opinion of ourselves, which, more or less, we all possess, does not deceive or mislead you—if ever you live to do and to feel all this, you will believe what I now say to you, that it is a privilege to be *told* of your faults—make a good use of it then, while you have it, for be assured, that if you live, the days will soon come when people who observe your sins, will speak of them to others, but never to you.

When little Richard Evelyn went to church, he did not think, that because he was such a young child, he could not understand the sermon, and that, therefore, there was no occasion for him to give himself the trouble of listening to it; no, he not only heard but recollected; well, says some little child, “I always *hear* the sermon:” no such thing; I think there are many children who go to church regularly, and never hear a sermon from one year’s end to another; not because the clergyman does not preach sermons, but because they do not listen: they are

either looking about them, or watching the people in the next pew, or playing with their gloves or bonnet strings, or thinking of something else ; and this not *one* Sunday, but *every* Sunday. Ah ! my dear child, you do not know the sin or the danger of this—those hours can never never be recalled ; but, perhaps, you may have many more Sundays yet to come. Try then, and pray to God to help you, to make a better use of them before it be too late. The last Sunday, little Richard went to church, which was at Greenwich ; his Papa asked him as he usually did, when they came home, what the sermon was about ; “two good things, father,” said he, “*bonum gratiæ*,” and “*bonum gloriæ*,” which meant, “good grace” and “good glory,” and then he repeated more that the clergyman had said ; but his Papa did not write it down, so I am sorry to say I cannot tell you what it was.

He had a brother whose name was John, whom he used to try to teach what was right, and when he did anything which Richard did not like, he took it patiently, saying, “he was but a child !”

When this dear boy was just five years old, he was taken very ill, to the great grief of his poor Papa : one day he called him to his bed-side, and told him, that for all he loved him so dearly, that

he should give his house, land, and all his fine things to his brother John, for he should have none of them. Yet he seems to have been patient and resigned to the will of God ; he used to choose Psalms, and some of the chapters out of the book of Job, to read to his maid during his illness, telling her when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. Then he would pray and say, " Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let thine angels receive me ;" and thus he died.


His poor Papa was very very sorry to lose so great a treasure : " May I and mine," he says, speaking of his death, " become as this little child, which now follows Jesus, that Lamb of God in a white robe whithersoever he goes ; even so Lord Jesus, thy will be done ! Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be the name of the Lord ! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardoned ! blessed be my God for ever ! The Lord Jesus sanctify this, and all my other afflictions, Amen." He died, January 27th, 1658. In all our sorrows we should be resigned to God ; willing to bear patiently whatever events He sees good, should happen.

I will tell you another story of a child, who thought about God, which is also quite true. Little Mary had no beautiful house to live in, and worse than that, she had no home, she was far away from her own dear friends, amongst people who cared but little for her, and who neither knew nor loved God. One evening, Mary was walking by the side of a river, and looking at the bright moon, which had risen in the blue sky : "Now," thought Mary, "that beautiful moon when it goes away, no doubt goes to God, and sees Him : so I will tell it what I wish to say to God, and it will tell it to Him ;" so then little Mary told the moon. Mary did not know she was committing a very great sin ; it is said in the book of Job, "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness ; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand ; this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge ; for I should have denied the God that is above." Mary wished to pray to God, I suppose she did not know *how*, and thus she fell into this sin.

"What," says some little reader, "had she never been taught to say her prayers ?" Suppose she had—how many children repeat their prayers morning and evening, merely because they have

been taught to do so, without once thinking about God, or even knowing it is to Him they are speaking. Not for want of being *told*, but for want of *thinking*. And how do you know, that if you wish to pray to God, you have only to do so! How do you know that He can hear you! You will say, "Because He is every where present." True, "Can any hide himself in secret places that I should not see him! Do not I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord!" God sees even the most secret thoughts of our hearts. Little Mary however, did not know this. Sometimes she used to lift up her eyes to heaven, and think, if she could see the angels come out of the skies! One thing she did know, and that was that we shall live for ever: then she used to think to herself, "for ever!" and wonder.

When Mary was about eight years old, she somehow or other came into possession of a Bible, I suppose it must have been given to her by her own dear friends. In the house she lived in, there was a small room, where I believe, no one slept; and there Mary used to carry this Bible, which was rather large and had one of the covers nearly torn off, and sit alone and read it: so I suppose that she learnt that it was very wicked to pray to the moon, and that God has graciously pro-



mitted to hear our prayers, whenever we offer them to him in the name of our Lord Jesus. Indeed I should think little Mary must soon have learnt more about God : for a little while after this, she was sent to school, and when she used to hear the children talk of going home, and hear their delight, as the holidays, the happy holidays drew near, she used to think to herself, "Ah ! my home is in heaven !" One night, after all the children were gone to bed, and the candle taken away, they began to talk ; which is wrong, for when children go to bed, they are to go to sleep, *not* talk. I do not know what their conversation was about, except that one little girl said, that she always read "Tales of the Castle," on a Sunday evening ; then Mary spoke and said, she thought it was very wrong, and she went on talking, I suppose, about God, and how we should love and serve Him. After some time, a child who slept in a bed in the further corner of the room, called her to come to her, so Mary, who loved her companions, got out of bed, and felt her way across the room. When she came to the little girl's bed she found she was crying, and she put her arms round Mary's neck, and she said in a whisper, "Tell me what I must do to be saved." Now Mary was very ignorant herself and she scarcely knew how

to answer the question, she kissed her however, and told her, she must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Sometimes when Mary walked through the churchyard, she used to look at the graves, with the green grass and the daisies growing over them, and she thought of a hymn she was very fond of :—

“ There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

for Mary was, as I have told you, an uninstructed child, and she did not know that such a wish was wrong : she did not know that those who are really fit to go to heaven, are equally willing to remain, and serve God upon earth, as long as ever He pleases they should stay there. “ Ah,” says my little reader, “ but I should not like to go moping about in that manner,” so I will just say, that Miss Mary was one of the merriest little romps that ever lived ; and I think you will be glad to hear that she afterwards had a home of her own, and lived with her own dear friends ; and that she learned to know, by the blessing of God, what it is truly to believe in, and love the Lord Jesus Christ.

Perhaps, you will say, it was God who put it into that little girl's heart to think of Him ; so it was : but He will also put it into your heart to think of Him, and to love Him, if you ask in prayer, according to His promise : " A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you : and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh, and I will put my Spirit within you."

CHAPTER V.

THE HISTORIES IN THE BIBLE WERE WRITTEN FOR
OUR INSTRUCTION—PATIENCE—THE DIFFERENT
WAYS IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE CALLED TO
EXERCISE IT, AND THE HAPPINESS OF DOING SO.

I TOLD you in the first chapter, that we are not to read the histories contained in the Bible for our amusement, but for our profit ; that is, that we should endeavour to learn from them, the lessons they were intended to teach us : for instance, when we read the account of Job, of the patience with which he bore all his great afflictions, we should pray to the Lord, that we may have patience ; and we should try to show it in all the vexations and troubles we meet with. Perhaps you think that it would be quite impossible for a child to follow the example of Job, but it is not. Suppose two people were going to travel upon different roads ; one person knows that about the road along which he shall pass, there are hundreds of wicked and cruel men, against some of whom he may have to defend

himself; he goes, therefore, well armed; the other, perhaps, is going through a peaceful and pleasant country, except that there are one or two thieves who may probably attack him: well, this he does not care for, he goes without any arms at all, and is, perhaps, robbed and murdered by the way; while the first, who took his arms with him, arrived safely at his journey's end, although he had so many more enemies, and they were so much stronger. So it is with us: we require patience to bear our small trials, just as Job did to bear his great ones.

A little girl comes to the drawing room window, where her Mamma is sitting at work: she looks very unhappy, what can be the matter? She has a fond Papa and Mamma, little brothers and sisters who love her dearly, she is quite well, she has a pretty house to live in, a beautiful garden to play in, and all sorts of proper indulgences and pleasures; what *can* be the matter? Ah! it is all explained, as in a tone between speaking and crying, she says to her Mamma, "Mamma, Mary won't let me look at the flowers in her basket!" Let us take a peep at that little girl a few hours later: what is she listening to so attentively? What is that little book which some one is reading to her? It is the history

of little Nathan Dickerman, she is hearing the account of his illness, of the pain that he felt, and of the sweet patience with which he endured it : she looks as if she were very much pleased with him, and perhaps she thinks she should like to resemble him ; well, then, the next time her sister refuses her requests, or any thing else happens to vex her, let her bear it patiently ; Nathan's was a great trial, and her's is a little one, but he could bear his, and she cannot bear her's ; and why could he ! because he loved Jesus Christ. " What makes you feel so happy to-day, Nathan ?" said his friend, " Thinking of my Saviour," said Nathan ; " then you are still happy although you are in pain !" " Yes, sir."

There are three ways in which children are more particularly called upon to exercise patience ; first, when any real sorrow comes upon them ; secondly, when any thing happens which vexes them ; and thirdly, when any thing happens which displeases them.

First, when any real sorrow comes upon them, such as pain or sickness. A few years ago, an English vessel was sailing across the Mediterranean sea : it had not long left a city in Egypt, called Alexandria, where the plague was raging. The plague is a dreadful disease ; sometimes when

it begins in a town, hundreds and thousands die of it, and people get so frightened that they shut themselves up in their houses, and will not see or speak to one another, lest they should catch the complaint. Well, the people on board this vessel were English, they were all quite well, they had sailed for several days over the ocean, rejoicing in the sunshine and the healthful sea breezes, and thankful to have left the city. Their joy, however, was soon changed to fear and grief ; for one of the men and a boy became very ill, and they feared that the plague was among them : the course of the vessel was changed, and they were obliged to return. When they arrived, a boat came for the man, and they took him on shore, but the boy was kept in the ship as he was not so ill, and the doctor was sent for to see him : when the doctor came, he said, that he too had the plague and must go. Go where ? To a hospital, full of people who had the same terrible illness, not in England, but in Egypt, where he had no friends, no one to love him, and few, perhaps very few, who could even speak his language ; and what did the poor boy do ? Did he scream, and cry, and lament his unhappy lot ? no, he bore it patiently ; he would not allow any of the sailors to touch or assist him in any way,

lest they should catch the complaint, and got into the boat himself, that was to carry him away, with cheerful resignation. I do not know whether this poor boy was one who loved God ; but I have told you the story to shew you what patience is. As a child, you are not free from sorrow, and if you live to grow up, you will know more of it ; you cannot learn a more useful lesson than to bear it patiently, because by this means you will suffer far less pain, than by being fretful and discontented. Besides being against our own interests, impatience is contrary to the will of God, for He has commanded us to submit to whatever He ordains ; and as we know that every thing which happens to us is ordered by Him, to murmur or complain is to rebel against the Lord. This is the sin the Israelites were guilty of, when God sent fiery serpents among them, as you may read in Numbers xxi. 4 ; the people were dissatisfied with their journey : they said they had no bread and no water, and that they detested the manna which God gave them. If, when we are ill or unhappy, we are angry, cross or impatient, our conduct is like that of the Israelites on this occasion.

Secondly, children are called upon to exercise patience when anything happens which vexes

them ; and here, again, it is for their own happiness to do so. Did you ever see a bird shut up in a cage, and trying to get out ! how he beats himself against the wires till the cage is strewn with his pretty soft feathers, and his wings are all torn and ruffled ! Perhaps you have felt very sorry for him, for you knew he could not get out, and he was only foolishly hurting himself for nothing. Now when you cannot submit to disappointments and vexations, and when you put yourself into an ill-temper about them, you are just as foolish as that little bird : you cannot possibly escape from them, and you are only making them worse by not being able to bear them. I have heard sometimes such expressions as the following, “ Ah, it has begun to rain just on purpose, because I wanted to go out ; it *always* rains whenever I want to go out : ” do you seriously consider what you are saying ! Who sends the rain ! God : and do you think that such a sinful expression is too trifling to be noticed by Him ! Are we not told by the Lord, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge ; this was said in great love, encouraging us to hope, that God would take care of our least wants, but can we hope or think that He does not also perceive our least sins ! “ Ah,” says some little child, “ but

when I say any thing of that kind, I am not thinking about God at all :” that is the very thing ; it is this forgetfulness of God which is so extremely sinful, and which leads us to do so many things which are displeasing in His sight. It is said in the Psalms, “ Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.”

Thirdly, children should try to be patient when any thing displeases them. Our Saviour says, that the meek, and the poor in spirit, are among the blessed : the more meekness and humility of spirit we have, the less easily are we provoked, or offended. We are strictly commanded by our Lord to forgive all injuries ; if you read the parable of the king and his servants, (Matt. xviii. 23), you will see how very displeasing an unforgiving temper is in the sight of Christ : and of course, if we are to forgive great offences, we are also to forgive little ones ; an impatient word spoken, and a small unkindness done to us, as well as a serious injury. But what is forgiveness ? It is to feel and act towards a person as though they had not offended us ; nothing else but this is forgiveness ; when a little girl says, “ Yes, I do forgive such a person, but I can’t forget it,” this is talking nonsense, because for-

givenness means passing over a thing as though it had not happened. Would you be satisfied and happy if you were going to die, and you were told that God had indeed forgiven you your sins, but you would be punished for them all the same? And yet you daily repeat the prayer; "Forgive us our trespasses, *as* we forgive them that trespass against us," and thus, if you do not exercise patience and forbearance in the little offences which are offered to you, you condemn yourself. It is our duty to be submissive to the will of God at all times; suppose you could see two men in a dungeon, it is a miserable place, dark and wretched; besides which they are chained and fastened so, that they can scarcely move: these men are Christians, what do you suppose they are doing? "I dare say they are praying," says my little reader; they have been praying, but now they are singing praises to God.—These two men were Paul and Silas; you may read the history of their imprisonment, in Acts xvi, it was because they loved Christ, and were His servants, that they were able to be happy in such a gloomy place, and under such circumstances: the Lord Jesus Christ is able to make us patient also in every thing, and at all times; for however much we may wish it

and know it to be for our good, we cannot be patient unless He helps us, unless He gives us the grace; but he will give it if we ask Him; we must, therefore, pray to Him, and we must also watch unto prayer; when we have asked God to give us his Holy Spirit, to enable us to please Him, and to obey Him, we must then use our best endeavours to do so; we must try every day to bear things patiently, to submit without murmuring to whatever God sees fit to send us, and never to be cross and out of temper when any thing happens to vex us. There is nothing which I can say which can make you understand the blessedness of such a life: you have seen, perhaps, a bird's nest, and how comfortably the little creatures lie in their soft abode: their mother spreads her wings over them, and when the rain falls, and the cold winds blow, they do not feel it; just so those who trust in Christ, and submit to His will, are happy even in the midst of sorrow; and if you wish to enjoy this happiness, you must learn to bear with patience whatever happens to you in this world; trials must happen to you, you must meet with them; if you did not, you would be different from any other person that ever lived, and that is a thing which, of course, you cannot reasonably either hope or expect.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVENING VISIT—THE “PRETTY STORY”—FAIRY
TALES—THE PICTURE OF THE HEART—THE IN-
TERPRETER’S HOUSE.

ONE evening in summer, after it was dark, the shutters being shut, and the candles lighted, Janie’s Mamma was sitting near her little table at work, when suddenly she thought she heard a few drops of rain against the window, so she put down her work, undrew the curtains, opened a shutter, and looked out ; Janie was gone to spend the evening at the house of a friend ; can my little readers guess why her Mamma was so anxiously looking out of the window ? she had sent the maid for her darling child, and was afraid she might get wet. Oh, what a happiness it is to have a dear Mamma to think of you, and to take care of you, and to watch over you ! if you are so happy, do you ever remember to thank God for such a precious gift ?

Janie’s Mamma looked out, but it was very dark, and she could not see anything ; once she

fancied she saw her little girl's bonnet, but it was only one of the small branches of the laurels near the gate, shaking in the wind ; at last she heard the sound of voices at a short distance, along the top of the square ; Janie's Mamma smiled, and she thought as she walked from the window to the door, " I might have been sure that I should hear Janie's voice long before I saw her ;" in rushed Janie in high spirits, and full of glee, just like a little girl who has had a good game of play ; and, " Oh, Mamma," she began, " I have had such a pleasant evening, and ——"

" Have you got wet, Janie," interrupted her Mamma.

" Oh, no," said Janie, " Mrs. Fletcher lent me a shawl, and Lyddy held the umbrella over me."

" It was very kind of Mrs. Fletcher," said her Mamma, as she unpinned the shawl.

" And now I am going to tell you every thing we did : first ——"

" No, not to-night ; I really can't let you sit up any longer, it is very late, but to-morrow," continued her Mamma, observing her look of deep disappointment, " to-morrow I shall be willing to listen to it all."

" Then I will come into your bed directly I wake."

"No, I thank you," said her Mamma, laughing, "remember the panorama ; you may wake me, however, as soon as the rushlight is burnt out."

Happy in this prospect, Janie followed her Mamma up stairs to the bed-room. When she woke next morning, to her great joy, the rushlight had burnt out ; so up she jumped, scrambled into her Mamma's bed, and awoke her, to hear, according to her promise, the story of her night's adventures.

"First, Mamma," began Janie, with all the dignity of a heroine, "first we had tea ; we had for tea ——"

"Oh, no ; really Janie, you must miss that ; for if I were to listen to all those particulars, I should not be dressed by breakfast time."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what we played at : there was, 'Frog in the middle,' Charlie was the best frog by far : then we played, '*Dites moi bon homme, que savez vous faire.*' Mamma, nobody sings, Tra, lira, la, properly in that game, but you."

"Don't they ? I'll teach you to sing it."

"Then we played, How, When, and Where ; it was *so* interesting ! guess what my word was !"

"Quite impossible, you must tell it me."

"Head, Mamma ; a very good one was it not !"

"Very."

"And then there was something better than all : we went up into the nursery, and Miss Matilda Morris, that young lady who is staying there, you know, Mamma ——."

"Yes, I know."

"She told us stories."

"Stories ! what sort of stories !"

"Oh, most beautiful stories, Mamma ; delightful."

"But what were they about !"

"Oh, I could not tell them," said Janie.

"Well, but try ; think of one ; and tell me as much as you can recollect."

Janie considered, and at last she said, "well I will tell you the story of 'Celestina ;' but it will not be half so well as Miss Morris told it."

"Never mind, let me hear it."

"There was a little girl, named Celestina : she had no Papa or Mamma, but she lived with a lady and gentleman, who had a great many children of their own, and who were very unkind to her, indeed they treated her very cruelly, and poor Celestina was very unhappy. This lady and gentleman lived in a very fine house, in a beautiful park. One day they went out for a ride in

their carriage, but they did not take Celestina ; now when she saw the door shut, and the footman jump up behind, and the carriage roll away, she felt very miserable. Then, I think, Mamma, I think, she went to take a walk in the park, and she came to a cottage where a very poor old woman lived, I don't know quite how it was, but she got acquainted with the old woman. And oh ! it was such a beautiful place, she lived in."

" Like Mrs. Alford's, perhaps, or Mrs. Kench's ! "

" Oh, Mamma, what an idea ! "

" Well, I really did not know that very poor old women, did live in beautiful places."

" But this one did : it stood under the shade of an old tree, and was covered with roses and jessamine."

" Which certainly would not have grown in the shade, Janie."

" Never mind that, Mamma, let me tell you what happened. This old woman was very poor, almost starved, and Celestina (is not that a pretty name ?) Celestina gave her some money to buy some bread. Ever after this day, she came constantly to visit her, and she used to bring her tea and sugar, and all sorts of things."

" But tea and sugar are very expensive ; where

did she get the money from, if the lady and gentleman were so very cruel to her?"

"Oh, Mamma, you ask so many questions! I don't know where she got the money from, but she did get it. Well, the old woman loved her very much, and she used to sit at her spinning wheel before her door, and Celestina would sometimes sit by her side, and tell her how miserable she was at the hall, and the old woman used to say she was an angel, and deserved to be better treated. Now Celestina was extremely beautiful, Mamma."

"I suppose so."

"Why do you suppose so?"

"Never mind—go on."

"Well, one day as she was sitting by the side of the old woman, who was spinning, they saw a lady and gentleman coming down the lane, superbly dressed."

"Which, the lady or the gentleman?"

"Both, I suppose."

"And pray, Janie, what does a gentleman look like when he is superbly dressed?"

"Oh, you must not interrupt me, Mamma, or I shall not be able to finish my story. Well, when this lady and gentleman came up to the poor woman, they asked her to let them sit down

and rest in her cottage, as the wheel of their carriage had come off, and it was being mended in the village. So the old woman asked them to walk in, and sit down. When the lady saw Celestina, she asked the poor woman who she was! Then the poor woman told them how very good she had been to her, and what a sweet creature she was. So the lady went to the window, and spoke a few words to her husband, and then she went up to Celestina, and she asked her if she would like to come and live with her, as she had no daughter of her own! and Celestina said yes; so she went away with them in their beautiful carriage, and lived very happily ever afterwards."

"What, without saying anything to the lady and gentleman whom she lived with before?"

"Oh no, Mamma, there is a great deal about that and many other things, which I left out—but don't you think it a very pretty story?"

"Not to speak of the impossibility of such things ever happening, Janie, there are three things in your story which are extremely wrong,—first, it is *very* wrong for people to complain to strangers, of being uncomfortable at home."

"Strangers, Mamma?"

"Yes; did not your Celestina sit by the old

woman, telling her, how ill she was treated! then it is very wrong to call a little girl an 'angel;' and then, Janie, we are to do good, hoping for nothing again, and not to expect some great good fortune to happen to us in this world, because we try to do what is right, and pleasing to God."

"But that story is only to amuse one you know, Mamma, it is not really true."

"Did Miss Morris tell you any more stories?"

"Oh, plenty, Mamma, but I thought that was the one which you would like best—she told us some about fairies—oh, I should so like a book of fairy tales, Mamma! There was one about a prince who possessed two such wonderful things; one was a piece of tapestry which directly he got upon it, conveyed him wherever he wished to go—the other was a rose which whenever he shook it, out there came pieces of gold."

"And if you did really shake a rose, Janie, what would come out of it?"

Janie's mind was too elate with the fairy tales, to be able to return a reasonable answer immediately; but after two or three guesses, she replied, "Earwigs."

"Exactly," said her Mamma, "and just the difference that there is between shaking a rose

and finding pieces of gold, and shaking a rose and finding earwigs : just such a difference is there between what these stories teach you, and what really happens."

"But they are only to amuse us, Mamma," persisted Janie.

"Supposing you were to light pieces of paper, at the drawing-room fire, and throw them about the room in order to amuse yourself, what do you think I should say?"

"Oh, but that would be doing mischief you know, Mamma."

"And so do these stories do mischief to you. Now, do you see that large thin book, Janie, which is lying on the top of the others?" Janie said she did. "Then go and bring it to me, but do not throw down the things on my dressing-table." Janie fetched her Mamma the book which she saw to her great pleasure, was filled with curious pictures. "Oh, Mamma," she exclaimed, as her Mamma opened the book in a particular place, "What *is* that, what *can* it mean?"

"These pictures," said her Mamma, "are what is called allegorical : they are meant to represent the heart of man in its different states ; what do you see there?"

"I see all kinds of wild beasts chained."

"Those wild beasts are meant to represent the sinful passions which are in our hearts."

"But why should they be chained, Mamma?"

"They are represented as chained, because people very often, especially people of education, do not show the evil passions which are in their hearts; they are there, but they are not allowed to appear in the outward conduct, they are controlled, or rather, that is an improper word, for they are not controlled, they are indulged; I ought therefore rather to say, they are *concealed*. Suppose I was to tell you to do any thing, and you were to go and do it, saying all the time to yourself, "how very cross Mamma is! how very tiresome it is! how I do hate to do this!" you might not perhaps say one word aloud, but the evil passion would be indulged in secret. Now you know the meaning of all those wild beasts being represented as chained."

"Are there any wild beasts in my heart," said Janie.

"Yes, my child, so long as there are any evil passions there; it should be the business of our lives to conquer them, to overcome sin: not to chain, that is conceal them, but drive them out of our hearts altogether; this is the meaning of

the prayer, '*cleanse* our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, Oh, Lord !' Still as long as we live in this world, so long shall we be subject to them. But what would you think of a person, with his house full of such animals, which might break loose any moment, and devour him, who instead of trying to kill them, or turn them out, should feed them well every day ! would they grow weaker, or stronger ?"

" Stronger, of course, Mamma."

" Well, then, Janie, just so much do we act against our own interests, when, by reading foolish books, or any other such habits, we strengthen the power of sin in our hearts."

Janie said she did not quite understand this, so her Mamma went on to explain it, by saying, " if we are in the habit of reading books in which things that are wrong are represented as being right, there is great danger that we should learn to think them so, and therefore to do them ; and if we indulge ourselves in reading stories, which tell us of people meeting with good fortune, such as roses which drop gold, &c., which it is quite impossible, as you know, that they ever should have, it tends to lessen in our hearts that fortitude and patience, which even the most happy of us require, to bear with contentment and cheer-

fulness the vexations and troubles which we must experience in this world, and to encourage discontent and impatience."

"Which is feeding the wild beasts, I see," said Janie.

"Besides, Janie," resumed her Mamma, "do you remember what we read last Sunday, concerning the pictures in the Interpreter's house? Can you tell me about the oil and the water?"

"Christian saw the picture of a fire against the wall, Mamma, which burned brightly, very brightly, though a man was standing by, pouring water upon it; then Christian looked behind the wall, and he saw some one pouring in oil upon the fire through a hole in the wall."

"Yes, Janie; and the oil represents the Spirit of God, which is poured into our hearts, to keep alive in them the flame of devotion, and love to Him—but what does the water represent?"

"The evil temptations, Mamma, by which the devil tries to put out the fire; that is, to make us forget God, and disobey Him."

"Yes, my love; and in every thing which we do to encourage sin in our hearts, we assist in this work, and "grieve the Holy Spirit of God."

CHAPTER VII.

HISTORY OF ALEXANDER THE BRAHMIN.

IF it is wrong to read fairy tales and such stories as are likely to do us harm, and I hope that you, my little reader, think so, for it is as I have told you in the last chapter, like pouring water upon the flame of Divine grace in our hearts, it is right and good, and may be very useful to us to read the history of those who have loved and served God, that we may learn to follow their good example. I will, therefore, tell you a true story of this kind, a story which, I think, has never been told to a little girl before.

India is, as I suppose you know, a large and beautiful eastern country belonging to England ; it was not always ours ; indeed we had no right to it, we took it by force. The native people, however, continue to live there, though we have possession of their land, and they have still a few princes of their own, called Rajahs. Alexander, whose history I am going to tell you, was a Hindoo ; he lived at a large village,

near Bangalore ; his parents, though they were Indians, were not poor people, his father holding an honourable situation under the Rajah's government. They were Brahmins.

The Hindoos are idolaters ; they have no knowledge of the true God, but worship frightful idols, and believe and practise all kinds of silly and wicked things ; therefore, though Alexander had been taught to read his own language, and many other things, which it was necessary for him to know, he had never heard of God.

One day there came to the neighbourhood where Alexander lived, a Christian Hindoo, one who had formerly been, like himself, an idolater, but who now knew and loved the Lord Jesus. You know our names are given to us in our baptism, and it is the custom among the Hindoos, when they are baptized, to take sometimes the names of Christians who have been remarkable for their piety ; this person had, therefore, been called Samuel Flavel. He came to Bangalore to distribute copies of the Testament, translated into their own language, to such as would receive it. Alexander, who was at this time a young man, accepted one, and took it home with him to read.

There is a pretty poem which describes an old

man reading the Bible, for the first time in his life ; the first time that he had ever seen it :

“ And, aye, he read page after page,
Page after page he turned ;
And as he read their blessed words,
His heart within him burned.

* * * * *

“ And then he turned unto the book,
And read in English plain ;
How Christ had died on Calvary,
How He had risen again.

“ And all His comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all
He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

* * * * *

“ From the hour of noon he read the book
Unto the set of sun.”*

And thus did Alexander read it, and great was his delight ; but he found there were many things in the Testament which he could not understand, so he went about trying to find some person who should be able to explain them to him. But alas ! he tried in vain : there was no one there who had even so much as heard of

* By Mary Howitt.

Jesus ; so he thought he would go a long journey and find some Europeans who would be able to teach him. Accordingly he left his father's house, and set out ; his journey, however, was in vain ; Europeans, indeed, he found, but none who could teach him what he wanted to know ; he returned home disappointed and unhappy, yet he continued to read his beloved book.

During his absence, the Missionaries had visited the village where he lived, and given away more Testaments ; Alexander had taken the book from a stranger, he neither knew who he was, nor where he came from, nor did he know there was another such book in the world ; when his friends came to him, and told him that many more, exactly like his, had been given to other persons, he was very much astonished ; he inquired immediately who gave them away, and where they came from, and having found out that it was the Missionaries who had come to Bangalore, he set off immediately for that place to search for them, and he did find them, and very great was his joy, and theirs also. We are told in the Bible, that it is an occasion of joy even among the angels of God when they see a person repent and begin to serve God ; and oh ! what joy is it to the servants of the Lord upon earth

when they have been the means, in the hand of God, of leading them to do so !

At the Mission-house, Alexander met his Christian countryman Samuel Flavel, the very person from whom he had received the Testament, and an English Missionary, Mr. Laidler ; in them he found what he had so long and so earnestly desired, people who could teach him about Christ ; at night he was obliged to go home, but he returned the next day, and the next, and the next, for a long time, eager to be instructed, and resolved that the Lord Christ should be his God and Saviour. After some years passed in this manner, he had the happiness of being baptized, and received into the Christian Church, August 7th, 1825.

Our Saviour has said, that if we love father or mother better than Him, if we are not willing to give up every thing for His sake, we cannot be His disciples : Alexander did love the Lord, which you will see, when I tell you how much that love was tried. His parents were Brahmins, a sect of people among the Hindoos, who detest and persecute those of their own nation who become Christians. Great, therefore, was the displeasure and grief of his parents, that their dear son should have committed, what was in their eyes, such a deep

offence : they sent him away from their house, and told him, that they would not consider him as their son any more. They told him, they would think of him as if he were dead : they had a funeral for him, and mourned for him as if he had really died ; and after this time they never permitted him to enter their house again as long as he lived. Poor Alexander was thus left alone in the world ; it is true, the English Missionary and Samuel Flavel were very kind to him, and they procured for him a situation in one of the schools for the Hindoo children, which had been established by the English, where he earned his living by teaching, but he had no one to *love* him. Our friends are attached to us, and esteem us on account of the piety, worth, or good qualities which we may possess ; but our near and dear relations love us naturally, because God has put it into their hearts to do so ; and when those who are nearly related are unkind to each other, they throw away the precious gift of each other's love, which God has given them, to comfort them through life : at the same time, we ought never to love any one so much, as to do for their sakes that which is contrary to God's commandments ; Alexander would not forsake the Lord Jesus for the sake of his parents, yet he missed his father's

kindness, and his mother's love, and he was very unhappy. At last he thought to himself, that perhaps, he could persuade them to forgive him ; so he went to the village where they lived, and not daring to go to their house, knowing that he would be refused admittance, he sat down at a little distance from it, hoping that they would send for him : he waited and waited for a long time, and at last he sent a messenger to ask if he might come ; but far from permitting him to do so, his parents would not even look towards the place where he sat, he was therefore obliged sorrowfully to go away. We are not called upon to endure such trials as this, but do we bear, for the sake of the Lord, those to which we are called ? perhaps, you think there are some who are not called to any trials, but that is impossible, for there is not a single day on which we do not meet with them ; not a single day in which we are not called upon to give up the indulgence of our own ease and of our own inclinations, for the sake of obeying God ; and if we do not know what it is to meet with these trials, it is because we are not even endeavouring to serve God.

Those who have learned to love God are generally anxious to teach others, which was the case with Alexander ; he accompanied Samuel Flavel

when they went about the villages preaching to the people, and they used to sit under the verandahs of the heathen temples, trying to make the people understand the goodness of God, and the love of Christ towards them, and their own wickedness and rebellion against Him : then they spoke to them of the happiness of being Christians, and of how willing they themselves were to suffer for Christ's sake.

About this time, Samuel Flavel, who had been a kind friend to Alexander, left that part of the country, and went to reside at a distance. Alexander missed him very much, for he was very dear to him ; and not only on this account did he miss him, but Samuel Flavel was zealous and devoted to the service of Christ, and he encouraged Alexander to meet his trials patiently, and to follow the Lord with sincerity. Not only Samuel Flavel, but Mr. Laidler also went, and left Alexander alone in the midst of his enemies. They began to be more daring when his friends were gone, they threatened to murder him if he preached, saying, that the King of England was very angry with the Missionaries, and he had ordered them to be sent away, which was a very wicked story. Alexander began to grow restless and dissatisfied ; he thought of all he had lost,

and of all he was called to endure, and though he did not forsake Christ, yet he ceased to love Him so much as he did at first. This was a very sad thing, for what can we ever suffer for the sake of Christ, compared with what He has suffered for us! Oh, nothing, nothing.

There was a little boy in America,* a little Christian, who was very ill; when his friends came to see him, they sometimes said, "he suffers very much:" after they were gone, he used to say to his Mamma, "Mamma, I do not like to hear them say, I suffer; they do not think how much Christ suffered; if they did, they would not think I suffer much, no one suffers so much as Christ did." But Alexander did not feel thus; I suppose his faith and love were not so strong as those of this little child. The Chinese Emperor wished to prevent his subjects from being instructed in the Christian religion, because, he said, "give a man hopes of getting to heaven, and he does not care for anything." What present trials or sorrows are to be compared to the joy of being with Christ in heaven when we die! Our Saviour has said that, unless we are willing for His sake, to forsake *all* that we have, we cannot be His disciples,

* Nathan Dickerman.

unless we are willing to follow Him, no matter what it costs us, and to give up every thing that we like, which is displeasing to Him ; neither, unless we do this, can we truly love Him. Even if one human being loves another, they are willing to suffer for that person. Your Mamma loves you dearly ; do you think if she saw you in any danger, she would say, " I would come to you, my dear child, but I am afraid if I did, I should be hurt : " no, your own heart knows that she would not ; you know that she would come to you immediately, without thinking whether she would be hurt herself or not ; and if you saw your little brother in any danger, you would not run away, and take care of yourself, would you ! You would run to him surely, whether there was any danger to yourself or not, it would be a strange sort of love that would lead you to act otherwise : so, if we love Christ, we shall be willing to obey Him, to follow Him, even if we suffer for it. Alexander grew more and more unhappy ; at last he thought he would go to the place where Samuel Flavel lived, and accordingly he went. But Samuel Flavel could not restore his peace of mind, and cause him to love Christ as much as he did before, and to be patient and resigned in his afflictions ; the Lord alone could do this, and

He *did* do it ; and Alexander began once more to love to pray, and to read the Bible as much as he did at first, and perhaps even more ; then he became cheerful and happy again, and returned to all his duties, in teaching others.

About this time, Samuel Flavel and some other Christian ministers resolved to attend a Hindoo festival which was going to be held at a place called Humpee, and Alexander desired to accompany them. These festivals are held by the Hindoos in honour of their idols, and very shocking they are. In some places, the idol is drawn about in an immense car like a tower, and the people throw themselves under the wheels to be crushed to death, because they think, poor creatures, it will please the idol. The ministers wished to go, that they might have an opportunity of preaching to them salvation through Christ, and teaching them the great love of God to us. They embarked in a large boat, called in that country, a budgerow, and sailed down the river Ganges : they had not been long on their journey before Alexander was taken ill, so ill that every person knew he would die. Now it was that he felt the blessedness of being a Christian. I dare say when he was lying in pain and suffering in the boat, he thought of his home and

his parents, but he had One with him, whose love was far greater than even that of a father or mother, they may forget their children, but the Lord Jesus never forgets or forsakes those who fear Him, no, not for an instant. It was the happiness of Alexander to feel this, so that though he knew he was dying, he was neither sorry nor afraid—he felt nothing but joy, for he said he was “going to Jesus”—and what were all his past trials *now*, compared with the eternal rest which he was about to enjoy, in that blessed place, where it is said, “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”

I dare say he thought of the time when he first read the Testament, which Samuel Flavel had given him in his own village, for he said to him, as he was sitting by his side, holding his hand, “The Lord God of Jacob help you in all your labours, and give you many heathen to bring to Christ, my beloved Saviour, as I was brought by you to Him;” and then he said how much he wished to go on to Humpee, that he might preach to the people about Jesus.

After a few hours, he became much worse, and about twelve o’clock, he said, “I am going to

my beloved Saviour, and my Father in heaven," and almost as soon as he had spoken these words, he died.

They took his body back to Bellory, the place they came from, and buried him in the English burying ground there; many people who had known and esteemed him, were grieved at his death; but, "Oh, my brother," said Samuel Flavel, "though others may regret thee, who can feel thy loss as I feel it!" *

* This sketch is from a very interesting MS. life of Alexander, by S. Flavel, in the possession of Major Jervis, to whose kindness I was indebted for a sight of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADÈLE AND THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY—MAMMA'S
STORY OF THE CROCODILE AND THE LIZARD—
THE EXPLANATION OF IT.

“THE garden where Adèle used to play was a very pretty one ; there was a grass lawn covered with daisies, and plenty of roses and other sweet flowers grew round it ; at each corner stood a ycamore tree which gave a pleasant shade ; in the summer time, Adèle used to take out her little chair, and sit there learning her lessons, or nursing her doll ; she had also a garden of her own, where convolvuluses opened early in the morning ; and besides her own, there were many trees, plants, and flowers, which Adèle liked to look at, and which made the garden very delightful, from the first days of spring, until the cold autumn came, and it was strewed with the dead leaves of the old elms, which sheltered it. But there was one flower which never could be made to grow there, which Adèle was very sorry for, as she loved that flower very much ; it was

the lily of the valley ; many different ways had been tried, but to no purpose ; as these lilies are thought to love the shade, a spot was chosen for them, where some nut-trees, which stood thickly together, kept off the heat of the sun : they were planted there, and looked for in the spring, but they never made their appearance ; then the roots were set in pots, and carried about to the different parts of the garden, which were supposed favourable to them, but all in vain ; one little stem came up, and shewed two or three small bells of a sickly white, which soon shrivelled into nothing. Then, as some persons said, lilies of the valley grew best under a wall, they were planted near one which faced the west ; next year a few broad leaves peeped above the ground in that place ; this was a joyful sight—and next spring, and the next, was waited for, because the lily is said not to flower for the first three years—at last the third spring came—the broad leaves grew higher and higher, alarmingly high for lilies of the valley ; great doubts began to be entertained whether they were really such, at length a drooping flower displayed itself, and alas ! it was found to be no lily of the valley, but only a flag plant ! it began now to be quite certain that there, the lily would not grow—what could be the reason ! at

last it was discovered that the garden was too near London ; for though it was very pleasant, with its trees and flowers, and sunny walks, and shady nooks, it was but a town garden after all ; there were no corn-fields near it, no meadows covered with hay-cocks, in the merry hay-making time, no green lanes where the May and wild roses grew in the hedges, no copses where primroses might be found ; but only houses, nothing but houses, with straight chimneys, and slated roofs, and long narrow windows, window after window all up the lane, each rising a little higher than the other, as if they were trying to get a peep over the old crooked pear-tree, or through the sycamore into Adèle's garden ; and as it seems lilies of the valley will seldom grow near town, of course they could not be expected to grow there. Perhaps, you will wonder why I have told you this long story about Adèle and the lily of the valley—it is that you may learn something from it. The lily of the valley represents humility ; its humble looking flower, hid under the shadow of the leaves, growing close to the ground, the quiet and shady places where it is generally found, have, I dare say, been the reasons for the choice. Humility is very pleasing to God—there is a text in the Bible which says,

a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God an ornament of great price : " God seeth not as man seeth," those things which often appear great and good in the sight of men, are quite otherwise in the sight of God. Sometimes children talk of having a proper spirit, a proper pride ; to suffer injuries meekly, to bear offence patiently, to yield to others when we know that they are in the wrong, and we are in the right, are considered as the marks of a mean character. But Jesus says, " Blessed are the poor in spirit,"—" Blessed are the meek,"—" Come unto me, for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls." This is a blessed lesson, and happy are they who learn it ; but do my little readers really know what it is to be humble ? It is that we should not think highly of ourselves ; there is hardly any one, even amongst those who are least inclined to be proud, who does not think much better of himself than he deserves ; besides, a person who is really humble, will always be content that others should be noticed and cared for, instead of himself—no one can be humble, who wishes to be admired ; the lily of the valley did not grow in the town garden, neither will humility ever be found in the heart of a person who is anxious to be looked at, and thought

much of by others. It is said in the Bible, of some people, "that they loved the praise of men, more than the praise of God;" this was very sad, for it prevented them from becoming Christians; the things which people generally praise us for, and those which are right in the sight of God are so very different, that we must be content to give up one or the other."

"I wonder," said Janie, who had been reading the foregoing story to her Mamma, "whether that story is true."

"Quite true," said her Mamma, "for I knew Adèle."

"Did you indeed, Mamma!" said Janie, with a look of surprise, "and here is a picture at the beginning of the story—is that like the garden?" *

"Exactly like it," said her Mamma, looking at the picture, "but what is the meaning of the story?"

"To teach us not to be proud, I suppose."

"Are you ever proud, Janie?"

"Yes, Mamma."

"What have you done lately, which showed that you are proud?"

Janie had said, "Yes;" because she had been

* See Frontispiece.

taught that every one was sinful, and as she had some sort of confused idea that she was not better than other people, she knew she must be sinful too ; but *how* or *when* she committed sin, she seldom troubled herself to think ; and she was therefore totally unable to answer her Mamma's question. At last, she took refuge in what is a little girl's usual reply upon such occasions, "I don't know."

"Within the last week?" said her Mamma.

Janie thought again, but still she said, "I do not know."

"Who came to see me on Monday?"

"Oh, I remember," said Janie, "it was Mrs. C——."

"And when Bertha, who was spending the day with you, asked who she was, what did you say?"

"I said, she was somebody you knew, Mamma."

"And why did you not say she was my relation?"

Janie coloured up, and was silent.

"It was because she was badly dressed, and did not look of sufficient consequence. If it had been Lady J——, now, you would not have had any objection to say, she was your relation."

"I suppose not, Mamma."

"I am *sure* you would not. Now I will tell you a story." Janie's looks brightened up at the thoughts of a story ; and she sat down on the little stool at her Mamma's feet, to listen.

"It is not like the one you read to me, quite true, it is a fable, a sort of story, which is sometimes written to shew people their faults and follies."

"I shall like to hear it very much," said Janie.

"First fetch me Peter Parley's Tales about Animals ; look for the pictures of the crocodile and the lizard, and tell me which is the largest."

"Oh Mamma, Mamma ! what a question, do look at the difference," exclaimed Janie, when she had found the place.

"Well, though the lizard is so much smaller, it is of the same tribe, or family, which you must know, in order to comprehend my story."

"You may go on, Mamma, I understand."

"There was once a pretty little lizard who lived very happily under a stone, when the sun shone, he used to come out, and run and dart about, while his polished scales of green and brown sparkled like jewels in the light. This lizard, however, had heard that he was of the same tribe as the crocodile, and he was seized

with a desire of claiming acquaintance with so great and powerful a creature. So he left his own home, and travelled many, many weary miles, through dust, and sand, and heat, till at last he arrived at the place where the crocodile was lying on the bank of a river. 'Sir,' said the lizard in a weak voice, for he was so tired he could scarcely speak, 'I am delighted to see one of *my* family, so noble a creature ! many miles have I travelled, Sir, for the pleasure of seeing you ; all my relatives and friends esteem you highly, and we are very proud of you ; for though we are but small and timid little things, yet we are of the same family as yourself, Sir.' Now king crocodile did not hear one word of this long speech, for he was taking a nap, just as it came to an end, however, he opened one eye. The lizard felt rather hurt, but still he began his speech once more. King crocodile soon shut his eye again ; and long before the lizard had come to an end, he fell fast asleep." *

"Is that all, Mamma ! What did the lizard do !"

"What could he do, except go home again after having had all his trouble for nothing ! That story is meant to shew us what a foolish

* A Spanish Fable.

thing it is to wish to live in the society of those who are very much greater or richer than ourselves, merely because they are so."

"But, Mamma," said Janie with a mortified look, "Lady J—— does not behave to me, as the crocodile did to the lizard."

"No, my dear child, for Lady J—— is amiable and sensible ; and she knows that I love her for qualities quite distinct from her station. I am not saying that we should not love those above us, but that we should not seek their society *for that reason*—it is one very weak and foolish manner in which we indulge that pride, which is so displeasing in the sight of God."

"But, Mamma, I love Lady J——, for her good qualities too."

"Then how is it you do not love Mrs. C——, and that you are not equally glad to see her ? She is quite as amiable, and you have even more cause to love her."

"I know which you love best, Mamma."

"How do you know ?"

"Because when Lady J—— comes, you always call her, Lady J—— ; but when Mrs. C—— comes, you say, 'How do you do, my dear Maria.'"

"Do I, Janie ? well, Mrs. C—— is so circum-

stanced, that she would feel any coldness from me, as an unkindness."

"And you would not wish to be like the crocodile, Mamma, would you?"

"No; nor should I wish my little girl to be like the crocodile either. When I was a child, I had an uncle who was much richer than my Papa and Mamma—he had a large house, and carriages and servants, yet he was very kind to me. His children are all grown up now: they are the C——'s, and the T——'s, and the H——'s, and we all love one another, even to this time, as you know."

"Yes, Mamma," said Janie, upon whose mind sundry recollections of pleasant Christmas evenings began to dawn; "it is much better for relations to love one another."

"Much better, Janie! it is the commandment of God. The ties of family were doubtless given to us by God himself, to enable us to cheer, and help, and comfort one another. When people fall into any kind of distress or illness amongst strangers, what is the first thing generally thought of?"

"I don't know, Mamma."

"What were your Papa and I talking about at breakfast time?"

"You were talking about Susan, Mrs. G——'s

servant, that you thought she was very ill, and would not be able to keep her place."

"And what else?"

"I think Papa said, he wondered whether she had any relations she could go to."

"Exactly ; and under such circumstances, that is what people generally say—' Shall we write to her father?' 'Can we let her mother know?' 'Has she any brothers or sisters who are able to help her?' There is another thing, Janie, that I wish to tell you, and that is, that we are to be kind to our relations, whether they have been kind to us or not. There is in the Bible a history which you have often read, and which gives us a remarkable instance of this. What is it?"

Janie thought for a moment, and then she said, "the history of Abraham."

"Abraham!" said her Mamma, "no ; what are you thinking of?"

"When the servants disputed about the well, and Abraham told Lot they must not quarrel, because they were brethren ; and although he had the right to choose, he gave up the choice to Lot, to take any place he liked best to live in."

"True, I had forgotten ; but Lot had never been unkind to Abraham. Think again."

"Oh, Mamma, I know : it was Joseph ! he

was so good to his brethren when they came to Pharaoh's court ! ”

“ Yes ; and there is another subject which we have been talking about this evening, concerning which we may learn something from the history of Joseph.”

Janie said, she could not tell what it was.

“ Because you do not think,” said her Mamma, “ what have we been talking of ! ”

“ About being kind to those who are not so rich as we are ! ”

“ Certainly ; now remember, that Joseph was a great man in Egypt : he was next in authority to the king himself : he had probably a beautiful palace, where he lived in great splendour, with many servants and people to attend to his least wish ; he had also, most likely, abundance of riches, as he had of honours : now think of a prince such as he then was, sitting in the seat of judgment, and there come before him a few shepherds from a foreign country : was he ashamed of them, and did he try to hide that they were his relations ! ”

“ Oh no, Mamma ; he made them known to Pharaoh, and sent for his father, and had them all to live near him, and gave them the land of Goshen.”

"Could he have concealed that they were his brethren, if he had wished to do so?"

"Yes—no;" said Janie.

"Oh yes, he could," replied her Mamma, "if he had wished, because you know his brethren did not remember him in the least. I have often told you that all things in the Bible are written for 'our instruction,' and that we should try to imitate the example of those whom we have reason to believe enjoyed the blessedness of 'pleasing God.' When I say, 'imitate the example,' I mean, that we should try to act in our circumstances, as they acted in theirs. You never expect to be a great princess, and have your friends come standing humbly before you, entreating your favour, do you?"

"Oh no, Mamma," said Janie, laughing.

"Then how can you imitate the example of Joseph?"

"By being kind to my friends, when they are poorer than I am, and never looking down upon them for that reason."

"Exactly so, my dear child, and may you always ask and receive grace to do so, from Him, in whose word it is written, 'God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.'"

CHAPTER IX.

THE INVITATION—THE TEA-PARTY—THE OLD ELMS,
AND THE SYCAMORE, OR THE FORCE OF ASSO-
CIATION.

JANIE was seated at her Mamma's desk, with a look of great importance, for she was going to write a note, to invite a little friend and her brother to spend the evening with her. She looked at the pen, and the ink, and the paper, but something was wanting, at length, she said, "Mamma, *might* I have a sheet of coloured note paper out of the envelope case?" her Mamma said "yes;" and the next thing was to choose a pretty colour.

"May I have green, Mamma! there is but one sheet; but then it is Mary's favourite colour."

Mamma again said "yes;" and the solitary sheet of green was eagerly seized upon, and ruled with round-hand lines; and then Janie set herself to her task. In about half an hour she brought the letter, written in her very best manner, with a look of great satisfaction to her Mamma; the letter was as follows:—

MY DEAR MARY,

Can Self and Johnny come and drink tea with me to-night. Mamma says you may : I hope you are quite well.

Your very affectionate,

JANIE.

Janie's Mamma read this extraordinary performance two or three times over, before she could make up her mind what she should say to Janie, for she knew it would be a great trial to her temper, and she felt for the loss of the *one* sheet of green paper ; but Janie was too much accustomed to her Mamma's manner, not to see that something was wrong, so she said in a very cross tone, " What, won't it do, Mamma !"

" Janie," said her Mamma, " do you remember the ' hard lesson !' " but that was not a pleasant recollection, and Janie looked still more discontented : " Now, Janie, this is a ' trial,' you know you were asking me to explain to you the other day, how temptation meant ' trial ;' now you feel tempted to be very cross and impatient : therefore it is a ' trial '—a ' trial,' whether you will act as a child of God, or whether you will not ! What must you do to act like a child of God ?"

"I must overcome my angry temper," said Janie, rather reluctantly.

"Yes ; if we would be the children of God, we must resist the temptation to do evil : do you remember the meaning, which I have so often told you, of the text—'And he said to them all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.' "

"It means, Mamma, that we are not to follow our own inclinations, but to be willing to do those things which are disagreeable to us, for the sake of Christ, if we truly love Him."

"Yes ; and it is disagreeable to us to control our evil tempers, we like to indulge them, but we must not do so, if we are Christians ; and you know, my dear child, we can do nothing without the help of the Lord, so when we feel tempted to commit sin, we should pray to Him, to enable us to resist it."

And Janie *did* overcome the temptation : and she wrote the note again patiently under her Mamma's directions. When it was done, her Mamma said, Janie, do you think you did wrong in what you wrote in that note ?

"I don't *think* I did," said Janie.

"No, my love : it was a mistake, that any little

girl, who is not accustomed to write notes of invitation, might make, it was the *temper* you showed, which was wrong."

Happily for Janie and her little visitors, it was a most beautiful evening : at Janie's urgent request, the tea-table was carried out and placed under the shade of the pear-tree on the lawn ; and who can doubt the enjoyment of three little children drinking tea under a pear-tree ! Then the ground was not quite even, and the sugar basin, ran all down the tea-tray, and almost rolled into Mary's lap : then the milk-jug followed the example, with many other accidents of the same kind.

After tea, Mamma had buckets of water brought out, and supplied the party with red and green watering pots, with which they watered all the garden fully to their own satisfaction—if not to the gardener's. Afterwards they had a good game of play on the grass, until Janie's Mamma hearing a cessation of the screaming and laughter, went to the window, and saw them all standing in a group, looking up very intently at one of the sycamores ; so she called them in, as it was getting late, and she was afraid they would take cold.

"Mamma," said Janie, as soon as she had

helped her little visitors to take off their things, "do you know, Mary and I have observed a very curious thing in the garden!"

"Indeed, what is it?"

"Why, Mamma, those sycamores, that stand on each side of the lawn: one of them is twice as large as the other, and the little one opposite Nora's window, has no boughs at all on the side next to the other people's garden: they are all on this side."

"Yes; every single one," said Mary.

"I wonder you have never observed that before, Janie: cannot you tell the reason of it?"

"No," said Janie.

"Well, but *think*."

"Perhaps," said Mary, "it was planted a long time after the other."

"That might make it less," said Janie, "but I don't see, how it should make all the boughs grow on the one side."

"Perhaps, they were all cut off on the other," said little Johnny.

"No;" said Janie's Mamma, "they have never been cut off."

"Then I cannot think how it is," said Janie.

"The reason is," said her Mamma, "because that sycamore is so much nearer to the old elms

"Oh, of course not," said Janie.

"You are in more danger of doing so, than you think," said her Mamma; "in the first place, there is evil example: whatever we do that is wrong, has a tendency to encourage others to do the same, which is at once a cruel and a wicked thing."

"Why is it cruel, Mamma?"

"Suppose Janie you saw a poor lame man, walking with great difficulty up the side of the square opposite our house, and some boys were amusing themselves by laying large stones and pieces of wood, on the path, which caused him to stumble as he came along, do you not think it would be very cruel of them?"

"Yes, *very*," said Janie.

"It is equally cruel in us, when by any action of ours, we cause another person to do wrong, or hinder him in the attempt to do what is right: it is far, far more difficult to walk in the way of God's commandments, than for a lame man to walk up that steep hill. Remember, then that whatever you do which is wrong, is not only wrong as regards yourself, but as regards others. There is also another more direct manner in which children often cause one another to sin: by a sinful compliance with what is wrong."

"What is a sinful compliance?" said Janie.

"Why, for instance, the other day when that old lady came to see me, and little Coo sat making faces at her, instead of telling her it was wrong, you laughed at her; that was sinful compliance: it was encouraging her in sin: whenever we laugh at that which we know to be wrong, we are encouraging others to do evil: it is said in the Bible, 'fools make a mock at sin.' It is the same, if we listen to any one who is speaking ill of another; or, in short, any thing that we do, in which we assist another person to commit sin."

"But everybody would dislike us," said Mary, "if we did not do, as they do."

"In the first place, my dear child, the love which is secured by conniving at that which is evil can never be a blessing or a comfort to us. There is an old proverb which says, 'ill-gotten gain never prospers,' and you may be sure, ill-gotten friendship never does: 'Woe to him,' says the prophet,* 'that gaineth an evil gain;' that gaineth, it means, in an evil manner. And as to doing as other people do, that is indeed the way to destroy our own souls; does not our Saviour say, 'wide is the gate and broad is the way, that

* Marginal reading of Habakuk ii. 9.

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